



ELSAH HISTORY

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DOUBLE ISSUE

Summer-Fall 1981



THIS ISSUE
IS DEDICATED TO

MISS LUCY McDOW



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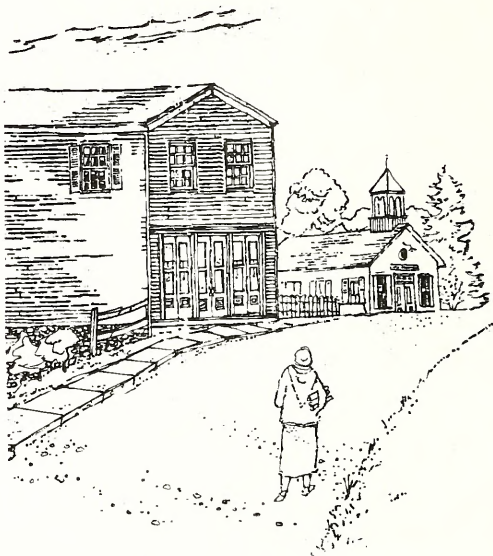
Editorial note:

On March 28, 1981, Miss Lucy McDow passed away after having lived in Elsah since her birth.

Her presence in Elsah always added a note of gentle grace and timelessness to the village scene. Many knew her for the bountiful garden she planted and tended each year; many others knew her for the newspapers she so faithfully delivered; many recall her warm, sometimes shy smile offered with an exchange of greetings.

Our feature articles recall details of her life in Elsah from three people who knew her well. Our appreciation to Dr. John Wanamaker for his recollections of Miss Lucy. And especially to Mrs. Gertrude Ward, Lucy's older sister, and to Miss Nancy McDow, Lucy's niece, who both graciously offered their time for an interview with Dr. Charles Hosmer.

All who knew Miss Lucy will surely have gained by noting her independence from the quick-paced world which never invaded her unrushed solitude. Her home, the Union Hotel, will continue to remind us of her quiet ways but for all its importance to Elsah architecturally, it will never alone seem complete without her presence. Perhaps this newsletter will offer some insights to what was actually a way of living more closely allied to that of the 19th century.



A Recollection

by John Wanamaker

It was in early September 1936 when I first met Miss Lucy McDow. College was about to open, and as a sophomore my brother and I were set to live in the little stone house at the corner of Maple and Mill streets which my family had purchased for us. I was busy washing windows when Miss Lucy stopped by as she was delivering papers. I'd known who she was and knew her brother Dewey as the driver of the Dinkey. I'd put a few fall blooming flowers in front of the house and they caught Miss Lucy's eye. I knew, too, that Miss Lucy was a gardener for I had that spring admired her vegetable garden, as did all who passed by her place. Soon we were talking as fellow gardeners. Early the next morning there was a rap at the door. It was my new friend with a bag of ripe tomatoes, peppers and an eggplant.

The next time I saw Miss Lucy and her sister-in-law walking by I asked them in to see what I'd done inside, since I knew the previous owner had been their friend. Miss Lucy was reluctant, but Mrs. McDow was eager to come in and visit. Miss Lucy, I soon found, wasn't one to visit just to gossip or chat. Her visits always had a purpose, and never would she come by if it appeared that I had other company. This was the beginning, and until frost I was the frequent recipient of Miss Lucy's garden.

Early the following spring my mother came to visit (to check up on her sons and their home). Having often dropped by during the winter to visit Miss Lucy and get warm around the big old stove in the store-front of her home, I took my mother to meet Miss Lucy, since I'd often spoken of her in my letters home. Soon they became friends -- Miss Lucy, the McDows and Mother would take walks or drives about the countryside.

One afternoon after classes I came down to the house to find Mother and Miss Lucy doing a very thorough housecleaning. Apparently my efforts didn't pass their inspection. From then on, after Mother left, through the years I lived in Elsah, and later at Magumba, where I lived for nearly fifteen years, Miss Lucy came one morning each week to "tidy up" my place. It was not a job, for any paying was out of the question. So whenever I stopped by to pay for my newspaper I left a very modest check. Nothing was said. The checks were cashed with no comment. During the spring and fall when Miss Lucy came to clean (I was usually away summers) there was most always a bag of fresh lettuce, onions and spinach, or fall vegetables. Just before frost, Miss Lucy pulled up and gave me several chili pepper plants that she said she especially raised for me. With the dried leaves taken off, the bright red little peppers, still on the plants, hung all winter on my front door knocker. They were particularly cheerful on sunny days when snow was all about.

It was through Miss Lucy that my mother came to know Joe Knight -- a mighty political figure in Illinois politics -- and his mother. The Knights have a beauti-

ful old farmhouse near Dow with precious antiques and a fine historic library. Often Mother visited at their home or went with them to the Wittmond Hotel at Brussels for Sunday dinners. One Sunday morning when I came down to the Elsie house to take Mother to church, a big limousine was parked in front, complete with chauffeur. Inside were Joe Knight, Dewey McDow, x Miss Lucy, and (at the time) head of the Democrat Party and Postmaster General Jim Farley, visiting Mother. It seems Joe Knight and Jim Farley were good friends.

Years later, preceding the funeral of Joe Knight's mother, there was an elaborate luncheon at the Knight's home. Having received an invitation for the luncheon and service I was hesitant, but felt obligated to attend. There was a huge crowd, men to park cars, women in maid's uniforms to serve an elaborate meal. Tables were scattered all about the shaded grounds. Well I remember that event! Nancy McDow saw me and took me to a table for four. At first I hardly recognized her aunt, Miss Lucy, beautifully dressed for the occasion; the other two were the Governor of Illinois and his wife. Miss Lucy was a perfect hostess, carrying the conversation and explaining to the governor my mother's friendship with Mrs. Knight. It was the same Miss Lucy who a few days later was looking after Ma-cumba for me.

Now out in California, I learned, through the kindness of Edie Belote, that Miss Lucy had fallen and was in the Alton Hospital, and I called her. Typical of Miss Lucy, she didn't appear surprised at my call and very matter-of-factly told me that she'd soon be back at Elsie -- she didn't like hospitals and she said so!

Last March on my way back to California I stopped by to say goodbye to Miss Lucy (it never occurred to me through the years ever to call her Lucy -- somehow "Miss Lucy" put her in the category of a very special respected friend). She said she'd soon be planting the garden again -- already she'd spaded an area for lettuce.

When her niece Nancy McDow so thoughtfully called that evening to tell me that Miss Lucy had just passed away it seemed my years as-a part of Elsie had finally come to an end. It was Miss Lucy who had taken in a college sophomore, cared for his home, opened many doors, and made Elsie the very special place that it was for me. Now, as a retired college professor, I look back and treasure the many years of friendship. I am not alone, I'm sure, in my feeling, for with Miss Lucy's passing, Elsie has lost a living link with its historic past.



An Interview

by Charles Hosmer with
Mrs. Gertrude Ward and
Miss Nancy McDow

- CBH: What was it like growing up in Elsie? Were you all living over there in the big wooden building?
- GW: Yes, I was. I lived there 'til I was married.
- CBH: Did Miss Lucy live there the same way?
- GW: Yes, she lived there all her life.
- CBH: What was it like living over there? Did you all live upstairs?
- GW: We slept upstairs and lived downstairs.
- CBH: Oh, I see, with the store up front?
- GW: Yes, grocery and dry goods.
- CBH: Now, your father ran that store, right?
- GW: Yes.
- CBH: And you lived in the back of the building on the first floor?
- GW: Yes, we had our meals back there.
- CBH: Did you have the big garden that's there now?
- GW: Yes, my dad put it in.
- CBH: What was it like, let's say, when there wasn't any school, in the summer? What did all of you do?
- GW: Well, we didn't do much of anything. Years ago, you know, there was a whiting mill here, and they worked there.
- CBH: Oh, some of the kids worked at the whiting mill?
- GW: Yes, and we helped the farmers, too.
- CBH: Well, now, what would you and Miss Lucy have done during those summers?
- GW: Oh, we didn't do anything.
- CBH: You must have done something during the day.
- GW: Oh, we just stayed at home and helped Mom, helped my mother clean house.
- CBH: Did you help at all with the store?
- GW: Well, I could sell groceries, dry goods, yardage goods and threads and buttons. All the farmers came down here. They sold their wheat, you know.
- CBH: And then you helped your mother, you say, back in the kitchen?
- GW: Yes, because we had a large family.
- CBH: Did the boys do different things from what you girls did?
- GW: Oh yes. If they could get a little work, they'd work.
- CBH: We have pictures of your brother with a rifle. Would he go off and hunt?
- GW: Yes, he was a great hunter. Well, both of them hunted. My father, too.
- CBH: But you and Miss Lucy never did anything like that?
- GW: Oh, yes, we fished a lot.
- CBH: Did you and Miss Lucy do any reading? Did you read books or papers?
- GW: Yes, story books.

- CBH: What kinds of things were they, if you could remember?
- GW: Well, I used to win a good many when I went to school-story books.
- CBH: And you'd do that even in the summer sometimes?
- GW: Yes.
- CBH: Would any of you ever swim, or do anything like that?
- GW: No, just the boys did the swimming.
- CBH: Did you have to do a lot of chores with the animals?
- GW: Yes, I had a cow. I milked her.
- CBH: What else did you do in the way of games or anything like that? Did you have any time to play, or was it work?
- GW: We had over here at the Town Hall games that we'd go over there every night and play--dominoes and parchesi, different games. All the young people'd gather there in the evening.
- CBH: In the days before there was electricity in Elsah, did people generally go to bed earlier?
- GW: Oh no, we never went to bed early. What we did some nights when it was cold and snowy, when we didn't go out skating, we'd sit around the stove.
- CBH: Where did you skate in Elsah?
- GW: There were a couple of ponds on the Ames' place.
- CBH: Did you do any sledding in Elsah?
- GW: Oh yes, right out here on Palm Street. We did a lot of skating, and then we'd have parties out in the country, too. They'd come after us in the wagon, you know. They'd pick up their stove, if it had fire in it, and then we'd have a dance.
- CBH: Do you think it was a happy childhood for children in Elsah?
- GW: Oh yes. Those were the days. We always went to the river every night to see the boat come in and the trains go out. That took a lot of our time up. Then they used to have dances up there at the KP Hall Elsah Emporium.
- CBH: Would you say in some ways people were busier in that time than they are now?
- GW: Well, I really think they were.
- CBH: Did you learn cooking by watching?
- GW: Well, I don't know. It just came naturally to me. I think it was just born in you.
- CBH: But they assumed in those days that it wasn't born in men?
- GW: No. to Nancy. Your dad was a good cook, wasn't he?
- NMc: Of course, he used to cook on the railroad. But Lucy was a good cook.
- CBH: What were Lucy's specialties?
- NMc: She used to make lovely angel food cakes from scratch. About anything she could make would be tasty. She could make a meal out of what I would have for scraps! It was amazing!
- CBH: When you first remembered her in your childhood, was she living over in the old house?
- NMc: She was always living there, and my grandmother and I used to stay there. And after my grandmother passed away, it used to be, "Well, can I stay the night?" And then, "Can I stay again to-night?" And then it got so I stayed every night. I stayed there for years.
- CBH: Did she operate a store in there?
- NMc: No, just like it is now, had the papers and all. I remember, she and my grandmother used to make a lot of quilts, and she used to crochet a lot too, and make different kinds of fancy work.
- CBH: Where did Miss Lucy shop? She must have bought some things that she needed. Did you take her to town?
- NMc: Oh, I'd take her to town. We were always going over to St. Louis shopping. We'd tromp the stores of Famous. We used to go a lot of times on the bus to St. Louis before I had a car. Armistice Day was a ritual to go to St. Louis shopping and to see the parade.
- CBH: You must have been closer to Miss Lucy than almost anybody then, through those years after your grandmother died. Is that right?
- NMc: She was more like a mother to me, really.
- CBH: What do you think she did during the day, other than keeping the garden?
- NMc: Well, that's when she used to make quilts, so many quilts.
- CBH: Did she make her own clothes?
- NMc: No, never did. She made a lot of fancy work.
- CBH: Did she read a lot?
- NMc: She always liked her newspaper, but as far as books, no.
- CBH: Did she watch television much?
- NMc: Oh yes. But it wasn't so much in summertime. In wintertime she would. A lot of times I'd come home in the evening and I'd see the television would be on. As I can remember the thing that she did mostly would be work on fancy work and quilts.
- CBH: Did she heft coal into her little stove over there herself--to burn coal in her building?
- NMc: Yes.
- CBH: How much of the building did she heat?
- NMc: Just that main one big room. Then, see, it was quite warm upstairs. When she broke her hip that time, she stayed here McDow home at Palm and LaSalle streets for about a month until she was bucking to get home as soon as she could. And then this winter, too, she stayed here for a little while, about a month or so when it had gotten real cold, and I said, "Come on over here." But she wanted to go home and she always said she'd draw her last breath in her own house, and she did.
- CBH: Now, when she was over there, even in these last years, she'd have one stove burning in that big room, but at night she'd go upstairs?
- NMc: She always slept upstairs, until she broke her hip, and then I fixed a place for her downstairs because she insisted on staying there.
- CBH: Did she spend most of her time in the big room then near the stove and read?

NMc: People would be in and out, too. That's why she liked the papers. I wanted to get rid of them years ago, but that was a losing battle, and that's the only reason I kept them. Because my dad /Dewey McDow/ used to fuss about it, and he didn't win. So I finally succeeded, and I went along with her until she passed away. That way she had contact with people. A lot of times she used to stop in and visit with Grace Cresswell because they were such good friends, grown up as girls. Somebody along the street would stop her. But as far as going in to somebody's house, no, it would only be Grace's. Sometimes she used to stop there at McColl's, but no place else. She always had to hurry home and get something else done. "Nancy'll be coming home. I have to get home and get Nancy's supper" would be a good excuse to get moving on.

CBH: Do you think that she talked a lot about the past, or did she look kind of forward to things--or both?

NMc: She never talked much about the past to me, because I'd always come home and there'd be something I'd have to tell that went on at work and different people, and then she had met different ones that I'd worked with that she'd know whom I was talking about.

CBH: Did she talk about what she read in the paper, or whatever the latest news might be?

NMc: Oh, something around Alton we'd always comment on. Main thing was always the obituaries! First thing we always used to look at, and still at work we do that because of people you know locally. And I'd remark about seeing somebody that passed away that had lived in Elsie. And other items that would be in the Alton Telegraph and in the Post-Dispatch. And another thing, we'd watch the ads. They don't advertise as much, Famous and Stix, like they did. If we'd see a pair of shoes or something, she'd say, "Oh, isn't that a cute pair of shoes," or "Oh, that dress!" And then if we were going shopping we would look for that particular dress. She liked to go to Famous and Stix at Jamestown. And she'd say on Saturday, "Well, maybe we can drive over there and look around."

CBH: Was she a fussy shopper in grocery stores--since she grew so much of her own food?

NMc: No, because she'd tell me to pick up something once in a while if she would forget it. Because if we didn't have it on this side, we could always go over to that side--if one didn't have it, the other one would have it. If I'd pick something up in the store, she'd probably buy the same thing. Great sweet tooth--liked sugar especially because she always canned so much.

CBH: Oh, she canned a lot?

NMc: Oh yes, she canned quite a bit out of the garden. She used to make a lot of preserves. She canned peach preserves, tomato juice--it's amazing what she canned out of that garden. Even my dad used

to remark, "Well, she gets an awful lot out of that little old garden." Peppers she would fix for my uncle. She used to make stuffed peppers for my dad--where you'd grind the cabbage and peppers and like that, and she'd fix him a big jar every year. She'd can carrots. Any little thing that was in the garden she would can a few jars. And then with her grapes she used to make jellies out of them.

CBH: Did she have any regular routine, or did she pretty much do things each day a different way?

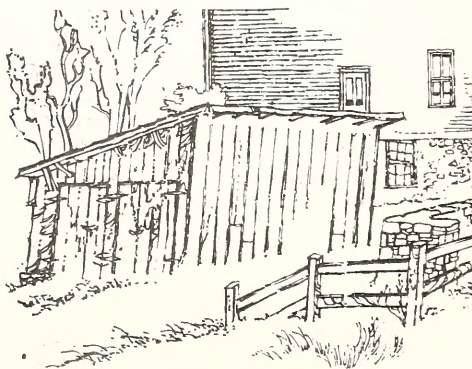
NMc: No, she had a routine. She got up early every morning. Of course, she got up before I went to work because of the papers, and I used to always check in the morning to see that she was up and to see that there was smoke coming out. That was another thing.

CBH: That was a good sign?

NMc: Yes, that was always a good sign. But sometimes she would oversleep, and it would kind of shake me, you know, and I'd think, "I wonder what I'm going to run into." You have thoughts in the back of your mind. I'd open the drapes and peek out. If I could see the smoke or otherwise, I'd know that she was sleeping late, had overslept, but she didn't very often. She would always want to get up early in the morning for the papers, what few there were. And that way she'd have something done, because you'd never know who was going to drop in--Eva /Murphy/ would come over and talk to her a lot of times. But she had a routine which was a nice thing. And she used to go pick up the mail. Then I had to start worrying about getting that myself. That was a chore I didn't like.

CBH: Did she have an afternoon routine? Was there a set time when she worked in the garden?

NMc: Generally in the evening after the sun went down is when she'd go out in the garden and work. She'd hoe the vegetables. Then about 8 o'clock she'd go in and take her bath and clean up after she got through in the garden. She'd always wait until after the sun went down.



CBH: She was ordinarily very cheerful, it seemed to me, to talk to her on the street. Is that a reasonable observation of the way you knew her?

NMc: She was a very charming person to talk to. I know different ones mentioned that. And she'd be quite interesting. I know, I had a friend I used to go with, and he just loved to go over and hear Lucy tell the stories and everything. She would really be quite talkative.

CBH: Would it be fair to say that Miss Lucy lived each day for that day, and it wasn't so much looking forward or back?

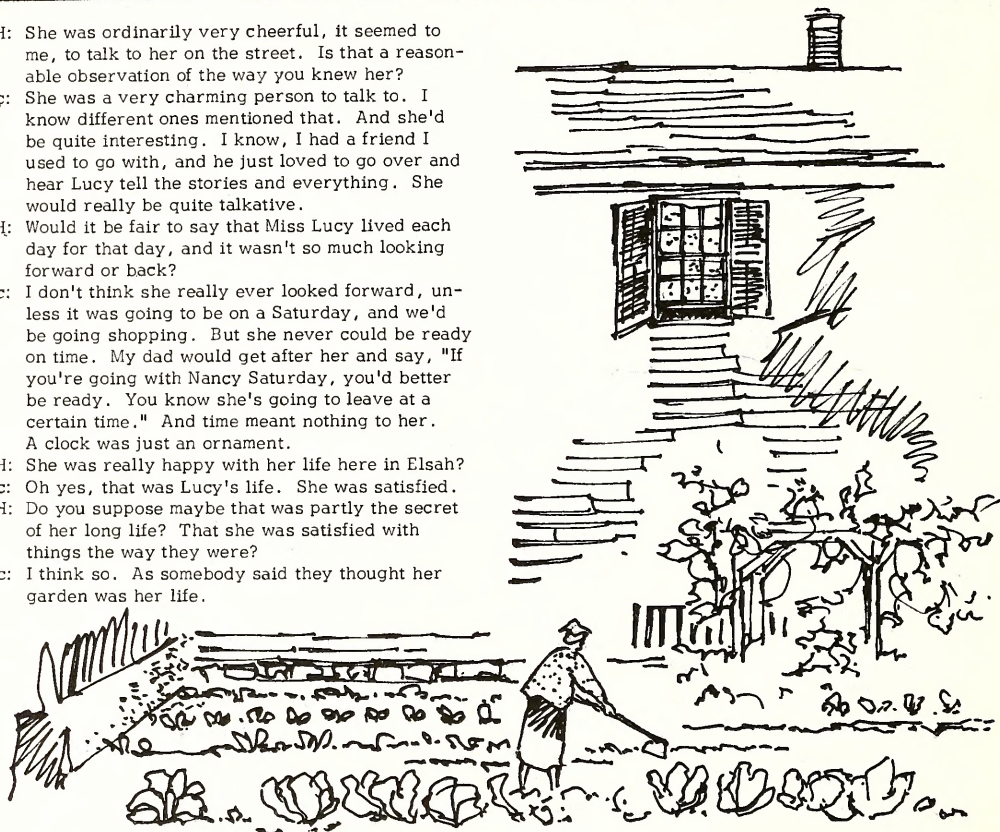
NMc: I don't think she really ever looked forward, unless it was going to be on a Saturday, and we'd be going shopping. But she never could be ready on time. My dad would get after her and say, "If you're going with Nancy Saturday, you'd better be ready. You know she's going to leave at a certain time." And time meant nothing to her. A clock was just an ornament.

CBH: She was really happy with her life here in Elsay?

NMc: Oh yes, that was Lucy's life. She was satisfied.

CBH: Do you suppose maybe that was partly the secret of her long life? That she was satisfied with things the way they were?

NMc: I think so. As somebody said they thought her garden was her life.



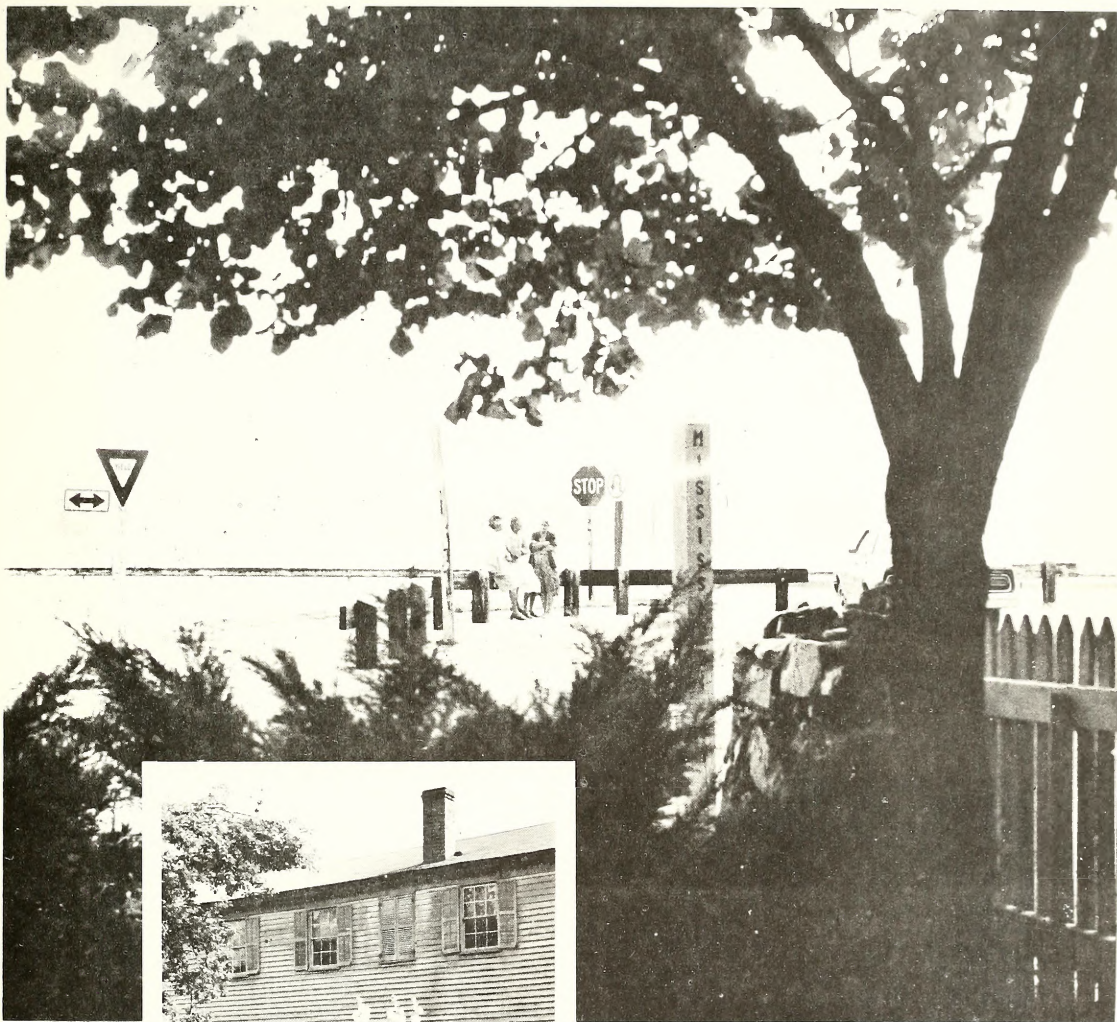
footnote

The Union Hotel, the lifetime home of Miss Lucy McDow, is the most remarkable element in the architectural continuity of Elsay. Elsay has been famous for its stone and brick Greek Revival houses, but right in the middle of the village is a frame wooden hotel that is clearly marked on the 1861 map. This building has survived two disastrous fires that consumed masonry buildings right across the street, the Giberson store (site of Nancy McDow's home) and the Christian Loehr home (site of Barnes' home). Only two families have occupied the hotel since it was built at the outbreak of the Civil War.

August Drexilius opened the hotel about 1861 and his family sold the property in 1881 to William H. McDow. That appears to be the only significant change in the ownership of the property in the past 120 years. This great continuity shows how much Miss Lucy McDow was a living link with the Elsay of the 19th century. Photographs reveal only one major change to the exterior of the hotel during the years of the

McDow ownership -- the addition of the middle door on the La Salle Street front. It is no wonder that the great bulk of this building has attracted the attention of generations of artists who sketch in Elsay. From Mill Street the structure looms up on the hillside with a strong horizontal accent. The alley view of the hotel makes it appear to be Elsay's frame skyscraper, and the Mill Street front commands the entrance to the village business district. In the economic life of the town the building has served as a saloon and hotel, a feed and dry goods store, and finally as the center for the distribution of newspapers.

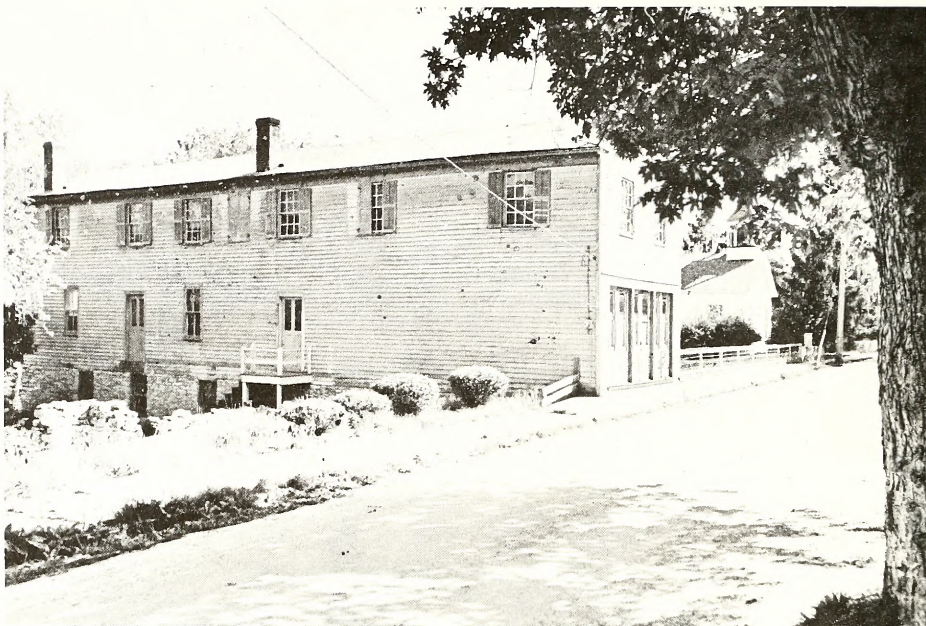
Historic Elsay Foundation devotes this double issue of the newsletter to Miss Lucy McDow and her family in thanks for their preservation of this extraordinary building which carries the patina of age with such a sense of command. One hundred years of McDow ownership have given us a commercial structure and home that tell us a great deal about the evolution of our town.



(36)

From left to right, Mrs. Eve Murphy, Mrs. Gertrude Ward, Miss Lucy McDow -- enjoying the afternoon sundown by the River -- 1980. Photo: GF

(37) Hollyhocks in Miss Lucy's yard. Photo: GF



(38)

The Union Hotel, home of Miss Lucy McDow. Miss Lucy remembered wagons lined up all the way to the river loading supplies when her father ran a general store in this building. Photo: Rob't Gaul.



(39)

LaSalle St. prior to 1936. Child in foreground is Edwin Neylon. The building closest to us was razed in 1936; the white building which looks like the Village Hall is no longer standing.



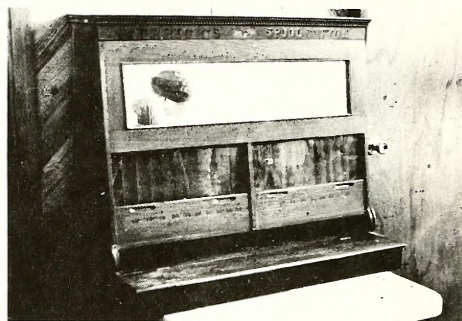
(40) Front of Union Hotel - visitors from the Piasa Bluffs Cottages. This picture shows that originally the Hotel did not have center doors: Source: Lucy McDow



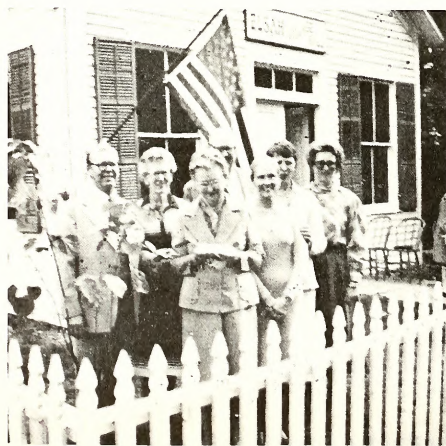
(41) Lucy McDow (standing, with ruffled collar) and other Elsie children including 2 McDow brothers -- William (on fence) and Dewey (holding fence). Source: Lucy McDow



(42)
Mona McDow and Gertrude McDow (Mrs. Gertrude Ward) -- two of Lucy's sisters, sitting on stairs leading up to the Piasa Bluffs Hotel. Source: Lucy McDow



(43) (44)
Two views of the spool cabinet acquired by Historic Elsah. Unusual in design, it was one of several (each different) once used in the McDow general store.



(45)
Mrs. Genevieve Keller Murphy (Elsah resident Ed Keller's sister) holding a plaque presented to her by her family in honor of her 80th birthday and return visit to Elsah, Oct. 4, 1981. A new redbud tree and flagpole donated by the families are now part of the Village Hall.

a sonnet for Miss Lucy

Sometimes we see a bottle or a lens
 that gathers wider rays to one fine flame
 of bright, clean vibrancy: it flares, it opens
 thought to see its focused spirit came
 from what's diffused in all the sunlight of the place.
 Just so the quietness found everywhere
 in Elsie rested too in Lucy's face,
 and so its sturdy honesty was there.
 The constant welling springs; the arching trees;
 the rock-stacked houses, nested neatly, warmed,
 perennial; her own frame building--these
 hazed auras of the village all transformed
 to image in her--so while Elsie still
 remains in vivid ambience, she will.

Paul O. Williams



An Apology

We sincerely regret a printing error in our last newsletter (#35, 36) in the caption for picture #28, which should read "Byron and Belle Brock shortly after their marriage April 13, 1917," not September 13, 1917.

Also, the printer apologizes for reversing photo #35.

Murphy-Keller Gift

It is always a happy occasion when a son or daughter returns to the ancestral home. When the return is in celebration of a special occasion, such as an eightieth birthday, then there is a festive stir in the air.

On October 4th, Elsie was privileged to experience one of those happy returns, when Genevieve Keller Murphy returned to Elsie, at the invitation of her four children.

In Mrs. Murphy's name, the families donated to the Village a flagpole with flag and Mrs. Murphy's favorite tree -- a redbud.

The ceremony took place in front of the old Village Hall, where Genevieve was seated surrounded by her children and grandchildren. James Murphy, her oldest son, gave an appropriate short speech, which was followed by the actual planting of the redbud with the whole family participating. The family had gathered here from as far away as Washington, D.C. to help make this a most memorable day for Genevieve.

Village Board member, Edward Bradley was present to accept the gifts for the Village, together with Dr. Charles Hosmer, president of Historic Elsie Foundation, and Mrs. Judy Felch, chairperson of the Zoning Board. Also present were Mr. Glenn Felch, Vice-President of the Historic Elsie Foundation and Mrs. Ingeborg Mack, its Director. Her Elsie friends included Marie Cresswell and Flora Lowder.

The day ended with the young grandchildren scouting the lanes and hills of Elsie -- very much the way Grandma Genevieve must have done long ago. That is one of the beauties of the Village of Elsie -- ONE CAN COME HOME TO IT.

Outhouses are "in"

No longer needed because of the completion of the public restrooms in the Civic Center, the old wooden privies located in Fountain Square Park were raffled off by the Elsayh Village Board. Those interested in obtaining the outbuildings submitted their names to the Board whose only stipulation to the new owners was that the privies be moved within two weeks of the raffle drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pitchford and Mr. Bruce Bible were the fortunate winners. Both parties have indoor plumbing, so neither chose to use the privies for their original purpose. Rather, the small frame sheds were creatively adapted as garden and tool sheds, and both contribute valuable new facets of restoration to the Village scene.

This creative opportunity offered by the Village Board must truly be considered one of the privileges unique to those living in Elsayh.

Good News!

On September 15th, 1981, HEF took a dramatic step forward by closing its mortgage with Jersey State Bank for the Mott Commercial Building. The building was originally purchased by the Foundation in 1976. Free from mortgage payments, more of our yearly income can go to the support of our publications and other projects. Your contributions and membership have been most appreciated by the Foundation. It is continuing to actively pursue grant monies to complete major restoration of the exterior. A thorough grant proposal was completed by the Foundation in the spring of 1980.

Christmas Dinner

IN THE VILLAGE HALL ::

A well-loved occasion sponsored by HEF for its members, the Pot-luck Dinner, will be held on Monday, December 14th, at 6:30 p.m. 100 tickets will be available on a first call basis. Highlighting the evening's festivity will be a special slide presentation featuring the Christmas illustrations by well-known artist/writer Tasha Tudor, as collected by Irene Timmerliere.

Please bring with you the following: Your own table service, a meat dish and either a salad, dessert, or vegetable dish. HEF will supply drinks, hot rolls, and butter.

For reservations, please call either Alma Barnes at 374-1684 or Prill Harmon (evenings) at 374-1374.



New Project

On November 10th, 1981, The Foundation will open a combination gallery, shop, and resource center on the spacious second floor of the Mott Commercial Building (above the Elsayh Landing Restaurant.) Our primary focus is educational. We hope there will be mutual benefits for HEF, the community, and its visitors.

Three areas of material will be featured:

- 1) a selection of excellent artwork, including leather items, blacksmithing, ceramics, paintings, and drawings;
- 2) a complete selection of materials published by Historic Elsayh Foundation including the limited edition print series;
- 3) a small resource library consisting of restoration magazines and catalogs.

The gallery will be open several days each week for most of the year. Participating artists will receive 75% of their sales, 25% will go directly into HEF project funds. The Village Hall will remain in use for public functions and house tour groups, while the new gallery space will also serve as year-round office and headquarters for the Foundation's various activities.

Do come for a visit to our new facility! Excepting holidays, the hours until January are: 11-2 on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Spring Photo Festival

Amongst your photo albums and boxes of unsorted slides are undoubtedly some good views of Elsayh. HEF would like you to consider submitting your favorite ones for an exhibition to be held this spring in the Village Hall.

This is not a "professionals only" show. It is for all to contribute and all to enjoy. HEF will receive your entries, organize the exhibition, and supervise its public hours.

In addition to being a presentation for the community, the exhibition will also enable us to observe changes in appearance and feelings which have occurred through the years. Even a simple detail can shed much light on the evolving Elsayh profile.

Won't you please consider lending your photos for this occasion? A separate entry card with specifics is included in this mailing.

NOTES 'N SUCH

REPORT ON THE HOUSE TOURS ::

You may recall that the HEF Trustees decided to cancel the Mother's Day House Tours and instead have been offering pre-arranged walking tours for groups numbering twenty or more.

Thus far, these smaller tours have been most successful and we have earned almost the equivalent of an average Mother's Day Tour.

Excellent team work and volunteer help has made the tour concept possible. Our fine tour guides, Charles Hosmer, Jim Belote, Paul Williams, and Mary Ann Pitchford, have offered visitors intense doses of Elsay history -- sparked with anecdotes of equal interest. Support for this team of guides has been given by Edie Belote, Shirley Vogt and Inge Mack.

Visitors are always delighted to see the Pitchford Parsonage and without the generosity of Ned and Paula Bradley's opening of their home HEF could not have accommodated the many tour requests. Doe Lanigan also opened her house for a special tour this summer. Thanks also to the members of the Methodist Church, The Village of Elsay Museum, and Mr. George Dean for his direction of the Village Hall Visitor's Center.

SALVAGE SHOP ■■

HEF is currently using the old caliboose in the Village Hall as a salvage shop (or storage space) featuring miscellaneous architectural items: Some for a permanent collection and some for re-use. If you are remodeling your old Elsay home, or if you have items such as doors, shutters, porch posts, window sash, or whatever, please consider

- a) donating them to HEF for their permanent collection
- b) allowing HEF to sell them on consignment to others who may find a use for them.

For instance, in the collection at the moment are two wooden storm doors not very old, but in appropriate design for use on village buildings. Also on hand are a variety of window sash, doors, and Elsay-styled pickets.

Items do not need to be in excellent condition, nor necessarily from the 19th century. Items too fragile for use serve as models for duplication or as educational reference.

Please consider us before you dispose of your architectural memorabilia or when next you clean out the garage! For both donations, consignments, or acquisitions, call Glenn Felch, 374-1232.

CONGRATULATIONS! ■■

The Elsay Landing has published its own beautifully designed cookbook! Already nearing the end of its first edition, the volume has been featured in many St. Louis stores and has been well-received throughout the St. Louis community.

The success of the Elsay Landing Restaurant since its founding in 1975 has been a remarkable note in Elsay history. Conceived originally as

a service to the community and its guests, The Landing now hosts a growing number of visitors from within a broad circumference of St. Louis. Its current owners, Dorothy Lindgren and Helen Crafton, together with their hard-working staff, are soon to open a branch of the restaurant in Plaza Frontenac -- a long way from the days when HEF first loaned The Landing funds to help launch its village project!

It should be noted that excepting its new use of the upstairs as a gallery space, HEF serves only as owner/lessor of the Commercial Building.

SUSTAINING MEMBERS' RECEPTION ■■

This year Historic Elsay Foundation offers its sustaining members (donation of ten dollars or more) an opportunity to meet other members and join in a delightful and educational evening of slides in the Old Elsay Village Hall on Friday, November 20, at 7:30 p.m.

Dr. Charles Hosmer and Mr. Edward Bradley will share with us the restoration and decoration processes of their Elsay homes. Charles Hosmer will concentrate on the important Elsay Mural painted by Glenn Felch, which covers the central hallway of the Hosmer home -- the concept of it based on the Carroll stair hall in Winterthur, Delaware.

Ned Bradley will take us visually from the torn beginnings of the old Village Inn through a summer of construction and decoration to the realization of one of Elsay's most beautiful homes.

Those of you who would like to take this opportunity to join Historic Elsay Foundation, or to renew your membership for 1982 can do so. Refreshments will be served. Hope to see you for this special evening activity.

SPECIAL FUNDS ■■

Pictured in the photo album is a spool cabinet of noteworthy design which HEF acquired subsequent to an auction of items from the Union Hotel. This cabinet was one of several (not all alike) used by the McDow family when they operated a general store.

We are pleased to have obtained the spool cabinet and are opening a fund to help defray the purchase price. Would you please consider making a specific tax-deductible contribution to the Spool Cabinet Fund? It is on display in the new HEF gallery/shop.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR
GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS

Elsa McIlwain, Washington, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. Philip Bohne, Metairie, LA
James Green, Elsah, IL
John & Elizabeth Grace, Elsah, IL
Bruce Bible, Elsah, IL
Carl Yeakel, Laguna Beach, CA
Mrs. Byron Brock, Spring Valley, CA
Laura Hance, Elsah, IL
Vicki Crandell, Mercer Island, WA
Beatrice Whitelaw, Washington, D.C.
Dale & Donna Cummings, Elsah, IL

SPECIAL THANKS

Our continued appreciation goes to Jeri Hosmer and Edie Belote for their untiring typing contributions. Without them the newsletter would never reach the printer!

